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Andrew Price, Editor

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I LOVED HER.

I loved her. Why? I never knew; perhaps because her face was fair. Perhaps because her eyes were blue and wore a weary air. Perhaps because her limpid face was eddied with a restless tide, wherein, The dimples found no place to anchor and Abide. Perhaps because her tresses beat A froth of gold about her throat, and poured In splendor to the feet that ever seemed Afloat. Perhaps because of that wild way Her sudden laughter o'erleapt propriety; Or—who will say—perhaps the way she wept.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

County Sketches.

VI. THE SANG-DIGGER.

Two men and two women squatted on the ground underneath a big birch tree on the bank of a mountain stream. It was in the heart of the wilderness. The stream poured over the rocks and filled the air with the sound of rushing waters; the sun glinted through the tops of the trees, grown too tall in their crowded condition to afford a perfect shade. It was in the afternoon of a summer day, and the camp-fire smoldered against the trunk of the birch, sending out spiteful puffs of smoke in the faces of the men when the summer breeze varied, causing them to curse the wind and the fire savagely. A few of the articles necessary in camp-life lay piled at the foot of a tree. The bag of meal, on which they depended for the little bread they ate, hung from the branch of a sapling near by, as did their precious bags of sang. The men's guns and a fishing pole completed the list of portable property visible.

This was a gang of sangers. They depend upon finding that strange herb which the Chinese prize so highly that it has become an article of commerce. Derived from the Chinese *jinsan*, it is "ginseng" in the price lists sent by commission merchants to country store-keepers, and "sang" to us who live among the mountains where it abounds. It is worth several dollars a pound, but it has become so rare that none but the sangers, a distinct class, find any profit in looking for it. They find it as the wild animals find their food; and the efforts of owners of large mountain tracts of land to keep them off in order to let the price increase, or to save their sheep from being slaughtered, are as unavailing as if they had written the deer not to cross their line and feed upon their land. The sanger who digs the root is farther from the light than the "heathen Chinese" who considers it the greatest medicine in the world. When in the mood the sanger will search the woods for days, and then remain idling about his camp until he feels the impulse to work again. They are amenable to no law; they know nothing of jury duty or paying taxes, and they market their votes to best advantage.

The members of the party were distinguished by their given name. The sanger may have had a family name to descend to him as his only heritage, but it would have probably sounded strange to his ears had it been used in addressing him. The men were Big Elick and Sam. They were men between forty and fifty years of age, and their faces bore the same lines of life that men's in the usual occupations wear. Out in the world men of their age were buying and selling and governing, but it was hard to imagine either of these men clothed in decent clothes and performing the duties of the leading citizen. Tall, swarthy men they were, with straggling whiskers over their faces. The clothes they wore had the look of never having been removed from their bodies since they were put on. The palor of their faces, caused by life in

the shaded woods, showed through the dirt which had accumulated on the skin. As one of them once said, they "hardly ever washed."

The women were distinguished by the names of Liz and Bet. Liz was a middle-aged woman and Bet was younger, not out of her teens. Early that year the men had found the two women in their camp, where they were located on a summer singing expedition, and they had married them after the fashion of the woods, which makes it a good marriage as long as it lasts, but its continuance depends greatly on the wishes of the contracting parties. There were no legal formalities; no blessings by the church; yet while it lasted the union was respected, and the people were as much married as is customary in the woods.

Sam had courted and won the girl, while Big Elick was the husband of the older woman, Liz. Their fate was settled by the two men. Big Elick proposed on the first opportunity that he would toss up with Sam as to who was to court the girl, for he said that if they both "went for the young gal the old gal'd be a hellcat on wheels and break up the picnic." This was his way of saying: "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

They settled the matter in a satisfactory manner by taking a deck of cards and agreeing on the choice going to him who got the first jack. Sam must have had a touch of poetry in him for he proposed that the queen of hearts decide it. It was rejected by Big Elick, who cursed his luck when that card came to him. He lost, but his policy no doubt won them both a wife.

At the time of which we write the two couples were settled down to a matrimonial life. It should be noted that the two women had been widowed by the interference of the law, and the year before the portals of the penitentiary had opened to receive their husbands, who had been convicted of shooting a yearling steer when game was scarce. The officers had found beef in the camp, and the sangers had been tried and convicted.

That day in the camp at the foot of the big birch a game of cards had been going on. Big Elick was winning everything and the sweat stood on Sam's forehead as he played as if for his life. The men had gambled all summer, but until that day the loser had not been so badly off but that he had been able to settle by the transfer of some of his sang to his neighbor's collection. But now the constellation of Big Elick was in the ascendant, and Sam, who had been lucky in love, was suffering in property. From early morning he had been facing disaster. Do what he would Big Elick had been winning two games to his one. When the score stood six to six and Big Elick had the deal, he would turn a jack. The cards that fell to Sam were enough to provoke a saint. In vain he tried all the hoodoos he knew of to turn his luck. The sang had all gone. His share of the camp equipments had been lost, and with a dry throat he put up his rifle against all he had lost, three games out of five, and lost again. He was at the end of his resources. He proposed to stake his shirt against a handful of sang for one game. Big Elick refused. "Got a shirt, Sam. How many do you think a feller needs? Tell you what though—say, you wimmen git on down the creek and ketch a mess of fish!" Having waited for them to leave he continued: "Sponsoring we swap women? You natcherly wa'med me up on the deal in the fust place. I'll put up all yer truck and Liz fer bes' three outen five and you'll put Bet on the game."

The proposition was not unusual, and it was Hobson's choice with Sam and he took it. They played again and the series of games stood two to two and the last game five points to Sam, six to Big Elick. Big Elick dealt, Sam got little clubs and the jack of diamonds. Big Elick turned the queen of spades. Sam played a

deep game. He regarded his hand thoughtfully for a full minute, as if he was weighing a doubtful hand instead of the worst one that ever was dealt in the woods. He finally begged, and Big Elick gave him a point instead, dealing again. Sam threw down his hand with an oath, and Big Elick then disclosed the fact that he had but one trump the sight of spades, but it was high and low in this game of seven-up. He had judged rightly that Sam had not a trump.

Sam got up and straightened out. "Ef I had a drink of liquor I'd be all hunkydory. Got ter cut corn this fall, I reckon. Hain't done no farm work fer twenty years."

In the meantime the women had gone down stream.

"Them hellions," said Liz, "air gwine to play fer us."

"Well, I do n't keer," replied Bet, "there aint any chice betwixt em."

"I knows that," said Liz, "but I never knowed whether it was right ter swop a woman like a horse outen in the settlement."

But they both agreed that they would have to let the men settle it themselves.

This was destined to be an eventful day. At the forks of the creek the women came upon their former husbands back to the woods again, and dressed in the good clothes furnished by the State to discharged convicts. They were looking for their wives and heard with great concern that they had "tuk up" with Big Elick and Sam. The more so that their rifles had gone to pay the lawyer who defended them, while the other sangers were fully armed.

The women told them they must settle the matter among themselves and thus they parted. Liz and Bet agreed they wanted their first husbands back, but that they would have to keep their contract, and going back to camp they decided to let matters drift. The women reached camp and got supper and were informed that there had been an exchange of wives. The sangers heaped wood on their fire, and all the camp was soon asleep.

When the night was well spent Bet was awakened cautiously by the older woman, who pointed at the fire and then looked significantly at the sleeping men. The fire had been maintained for several days at the foot of the birch, and this night it had taken fire and was burning fiercely. The heat that it gave out only added to the comfort of the exhausted gamblers and caused them to sleep the sounder. For a long while, it seemed to them, the women watched the fire eat into the trunk of the tree, stolidly waiting for what might happen. Suddenly the tree broke, and far over the forest crashing, it came down. The sleepers awoke and perhaps experienced a moment of terror as the immense body of the tree crushed them to death.

Then out of the forest came two men and hastily gathering together the camp outfit, the four sangers slunk away into the darkness.

Beecher's Quick Retort.

Henry Ward Beecher was once approached by a young man who considered himself very clever, says the San Francisco Argonaut.

"Do you know Mr Beecher," he said, "I've been thinking that I would settle down, behave myself, and join your church. Now I like your preaching, but when I go to your church and see such men as old S— and others grasping skinflints and hypocrites to the core, sitting there in full membership, why the thing is a little too much for me, and really I cannot join."

"Well, you're right," said Mr Beecher, "every church has such men and I fancy Plymouth is not free from them. And until you spoke I always wondered why the good Lord permitted it. Now I understand."

"Ah," gurgled the young fellow, "I am glad I have thrown light on the question. What strikes you as reason, Mr Beecher?"

Well, replied the great preacher, "it is permitted in order to keep just such fools out of the church."

The man who would make a figure must get over all false modesty.

THE GALFORD CONNEXION.

Descendants of Thomas Galford, from the Middle Valley, 1770.

W. T. P.

So far as now known, Thomas Galford, Senior, was the original ancestor of the Pocahontas Galfords. It is believed he came from the Middle Valley, and was of Scotch descent. Thomas Galford lived on the place now held by F. Patterson and Charles Nottingham on Glade Hill, and it is the opinion of most that he came there just previous to the Revolution.

Thomas Galford had a brother John, of whom but little is now known. There was a sister, Jennie who became Mrs Otho Gum, and lived at the head of Crab Bottom, Highland County. There was another sister, whose name can not now be recalled, who became Mrs John Chestnut, on Little Back Creek, where she has numerous descendants.

Thomas Galford, Senior, married Naomi Slaven, an aunt of Newlen Slaven, late of Meadow Dale, and they were the parents of two sons, John and Thomas, Jr.; and a daughter, Elizabeth.

John Galford married Jennie McLaughlin; lived on the home place, finally went to Lewis County and settled near Walkersville. There were five sons and one daughter: Allen, John, William, James, Thomas, and Naomi.

Naomi Galford died a young woman in Lewis County.

John Galford, Junior, married Frederika Hillery and lived at Huntersville, where he conducted a flourishing tannery. Two sons and one daughter, Harrison, Geo., and Mary, who is now Mary V. Rodgers, near Buckeye.

John Galford's second marriage was with Mary Simmons, daughter of the late Nicholas Simmons, Hampton and Lydia, now Mrs Lee Overholt, her children.

Thomas Galford married Margaret Curry, on Back Mountain. Their children John, Brown, Naomi, Abigail, now Mrs L. A. Hefner on Swago. Lanty A. Hefner was a Confederate soldier from '61-'65, attached to Colonel G. M. Edgar's Battalion. They are the parents of nine sons and two daughters.

James Galford married Margaret Anderson, in Lewis County. They are the parents of seven children. Everett is a teacher of high schools. Homer lives at Walkersville. Jas. Galford is in fine circumstances financially and a highly esteemed, influential citizen of Lewis County.

Allan Galford married Nancy Cassell, and lived on the Greenbrier near the mouth of Deer Creek. They were the parents of four daughters and three sons. Full particulars are given of his family in the Cassell sketches.

Allan Galford was a well-known citizen and prospered financially. He died not long since aged 82 years. Several years since he sought the forgiveness of his sins and united with the church at the age of 77 years. He left in manuscript a very sincere confession of his faith in the merits of his Savior's atoning blood.

Thomas Galford, Junior, one of the ancestral brothers, was first married to Naomi Slaven, a relative, and settled on a part of the Glade Hill homestead, and thence moved and located on property now held by the late Harvey Curry's family, near Dunmore. By this marriage there was one daughter, Jane who married her cousin William Galford, son of John Galford, Sr., and first settled on the head of Sittlington's Creek, on the farm now owned by her son William Wellington Galford, and finally moved near Dunmore. The following particulars are hand about her children:

John Galford, a Confederate soldier in the 31st Virginia Infantry, was wounded at Gettysburg and died at Richmond soon after, in Chimborazo hospital.

Thomas Galford married Lizzie Vint, and lived and died near Dunmore.

James Galford died while on a visit to relatives in Highland. His memory is cherished as an earnest Christian man, and a person of promise for good citizenship.

William W. Galford married Ada Mayse, daughter of the late Jubal Mayse, and lives at the head of Sittlington Creek.

Elizabeth Galford, a young woman, died at the home place near Dunmore.

Nancy Galford lives on a part of the homestead.

Naomi Galford died soon after reaching womanhood.

Marietta Galford died when nearly grown of pulmonary affection.

In his second marriage Thomas Galford, Junior, was married to Henrietta Sutton, and there were no children.

Thomas Galford, Jr., was a very pronounced Confederate sympathizer, and as such he was regarded a dangerous citizen to be at large in wartimes. In discharging what they deemed their duty, he was arrested by a detachment of Union soldiers, under the command of the late Captain Nelson Pray, and sent to Camp Chase, where he died during the war.

In reference to the pioneer's daughter Elizabeth Galford, the tradition is that when she was 14 years of age she was sent on an errand to the mill, a quarter of a mile east of the residence. The child was never seen afterwards. While parties were carefully searching the creek, Indian signs were discovered and it was at once concluded that she had been taken captive. Vain pursuit was made, and the neighbors hastened to the fort, where P. H. Warwick lives. Indians, believed to be the same party, attacked the fort and killed a Mr Sloan, and a warrior was wounded. The Indian was taken to a glade, near Arborvale, and secreted until able to leave for the Ohio towns, hence the name "Hospital" run.

Some months subsequently Thomas Galford, Senior, and Samuel Gregory went to the Indian towns, but could hear nothing of the captive child. The two men lingered about the town inquiring for furs and tried to trade with the Indians, hoping thus to get the desired information about the missing child. Hearing nothing they gave up all hopes, and turned their attention to a pair of fine horses. They slipped them, hitched them some distance from the town, and then went back and waited in ambush for the warriors that might come in pursuit. Two were shot down and their ornaments taken, and these were kept for years. The bracelets were burned when Thomas Galford, Jr., lost his house. The captured horses were fine stallions. The bay was called "Buck Rabbit" and the other "Irish Grey." "Buck Rabbit" was sold to John Bird, the ancestor of the Bird relationship on Upper Back Creek. The other was bought by John Harnee, a trader from Staunton.

Thomas Galford, the pioneer, and Jacob Warwick, on returning from a scout, thought they would have some sport at the expense of William Higgins and Peter Ingram, whom they found digging potatoes near the fort at the mouth of Deer Creek. Higgins always claimed there was no Indian that could ever make him run. While the two were busy at their digging Galford and Warwick slipped up to the fence and fired simultaneously, hitting the ground close to Higgins and scattering the dust all over him. He and Ingram ran with all speed to the stockade and reported that Indians had fired on them. The panic was soon relieved, however, when hilarious laughter instead of war whoops were heard in the direction of the potato patch.

Not the Wisest Plan.

It is not always best to wait until it is needed before buying a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy. Quite frequently the remedy is required in the very busiest season or in the night and much inconvenience and suffering must be borne before it can be obtained. It costs but a trifle as compared to its real worth and every family can well afford to keep it in their home. It is everywhere acknowledged to be the most successful remedy in the world for bowel complaints. For sale by A. Barlow, Huntersville; Barlow and Moore, Edray.

A Big Catfish.

The morning was well advanced when we tied up to the levee at Alexandria, La. Col. B. directed me to the best hotel in the place and departed in his carriage. After dinner I strolled down to the deserted levee and found an aged colored man sitting idly on the stones and gazing in the water. "Uncle," said I, for that is the common Southern salutation to men of his age and complexion, "are there many fish in the river?" I knew that many kinds of fish literally swarmed there, but it was an introduction.

"Yes sah, dey's a plenty o' fish big an' little; some times I likes de little ones and some times de big ones. I'se tryin' to cotech a big one dis ebenin' but I dunno if he come. I'se been fishin' all de mawnin', but don't got no bite to-day."

There was no rod or line in sight and I wondered how he could be fishing, but asked no question. The only thing in sight was the "heaving line" of a steamer, which was fast to a snubbing post, with the other end in the water, a hempen line of half-inch diameter, used to heave ashore to draw out a cable. The old man yawned and lay back on the stones as much as to say, "the interviewed has ended" and I walked off to where some boys where some boys were catching perch, crappies, and other small fish which were biting lively. I asked the boys what the old man was fishing with, and one said: He 's a fishin' fo' big cats wid a pound o' po'k, but he's mean an' hunts us off de levee w'en he's fishin', but we don't 'sturb him. I 'spec' he didn't talk to yo', but if yo' wan' him to talk jes give him a tip fo' some gin an' he talk yo' ears off.

On this hint I returned to the lone fisherman and said: "Uncle, it's dry work waiting all day for a bite, here's a dime, go up to the grocery and treat yourself. I'll look after your fishing if you will show me where your line is."

"Thank you, sah," touching what had once been his hat. "I knowed you was a ge'man w'en I see yo' comin' along de levee. Yes sah, I'll drink yo', dattah's my fishline," pointing to the heaving line, "but I 'spec' I'll be back befo' a big catty come along." And he limped off to the grocery. Then I began to fear I had been too liberal, and that a dime, which he called a "levvy," might purchase more juniper juice than he could assimilate without producing vertigo, and rejoiced that my first impulse to give him a quarter, or "two bits," as he would call it, was restrained. A half-hour passed and "Time which strengthens friendship, but weakens love," began to be a burden. I was about to desert my post when my new friend appeared above the levee none the worse for his indulgence, but rather improved so far as the limp was concerned. He hurried down exclaiming: "I dun 'spec' I got one," and made for the line. I had not noticed the strain on it and the weaving motion until he spoke, for I had been watching a dab-chick dive and then guessing where he would come up.

The old man toggled on the line with all his might, and I sprang to help him, for I was stronger than he, and that we had a big fish was certain, the vibrations could only be caused by a living animal and the resistance was assurance of its size. We piled up yard after yard of line, and at last had the fish on the slope of the levee with its head out of water. The old man produced a hatchet from somewhere and killed it with a single stroke.

I had read of the great catfishes of the southern Mississippi that weighed 150lbs, and believed that we had a record one. I had not counted, however, on a great stone sinker that must have weighed 40 lbs., which was necessary to keep the hook and bait out in the channel, that was credited to the fish when hauling it in.

I ran up and got a wagon and help and we brought out our fish. It was 3ft. 4in. long, and weighed 63lbs. It was a record catfish for me, for a 10-pounder taken Potosi, Wis., in 1855, was my largest. No one seemed enthusiastic about the fish; it was a big one but they had seen as big. Uncle Sam, as they called my lone fisherman, sold the fish for \$2.50, about 4 cents per pound.—Fred Mather in the Forest and Stream.

The barbed wire fences surrounding Santiago, which proved a nuisance to our hard worked soldiers, had after all, their advantages. One of the wires of such a fence was sufficiently insulated to allow of telegraphic messages to be sent from one army corps to another, a distance of five miles. Thus the Spaniards unwittingly saved their enemies the trouble of laying a wire through a rugged country.—Electricity.